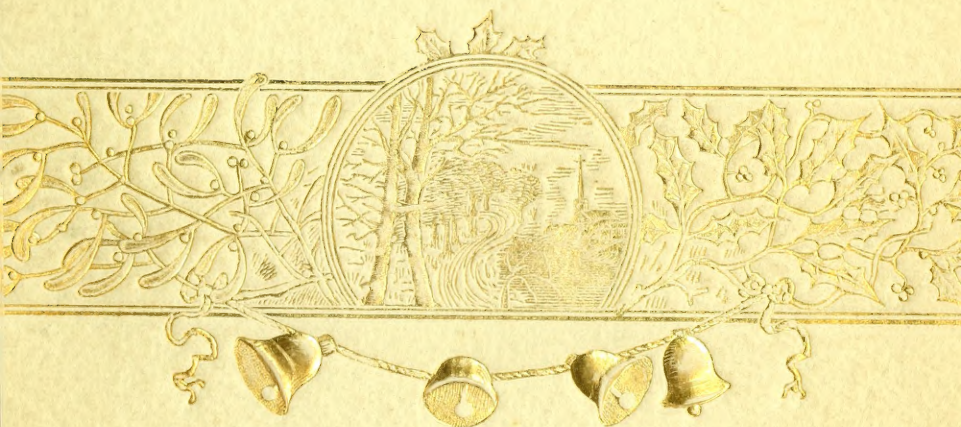


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# Christmas in Song



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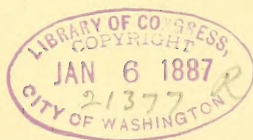


# Christmas in song

A CHRISTMAS POEM

BY

Mrs. A. N. BULLENS.



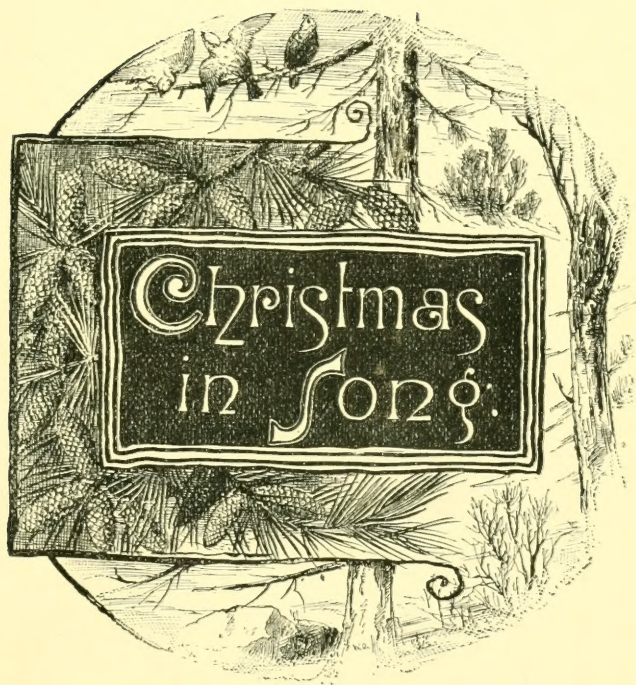
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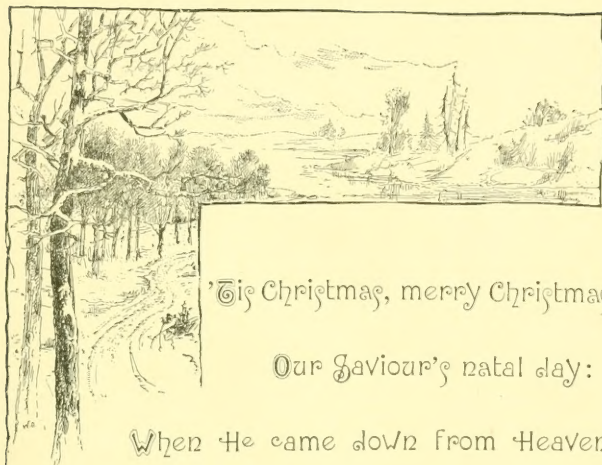
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'Tis Christmas, merry Christmas!

Our Saviour's natal day:

When He came down from Heaven,

And in a manger lay.

Then Welcome, Welcome, Christmas;

Let all the nations sing!

For this dear Infant Jesus,

Was born to be our King.







'Twas in the long past ages  
When He first came to earth;  
Yet all the world keeps Christmas,  
So glorious was His birth.  
To loved and ancient Judah  
The tidings bless'd were told,  
To certain lowly shepherds  
On the hill-side bleak and cold.





Upon the sacred hill-side,

While tending flock by night,

The Angel of the Lord appeared,

To the watchful shepherds' sight.





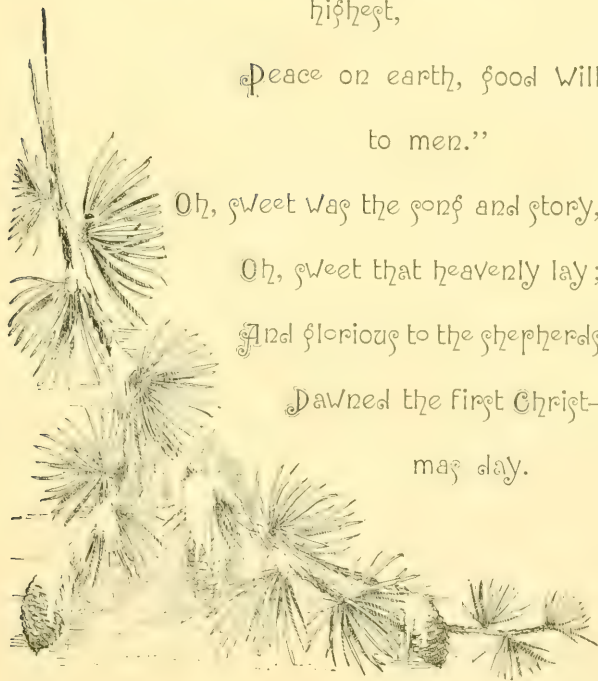
What reverent awe possess'd them,  
As deep their fears increase;  
Not knowing the heavenly vision,  
Foretold the Prince of Peace!  
'Til through the starry heavens,  
The Angel's voice was heard,  
Calming the troubled heralds,  
By the glory of His word.  
Bidding them to "fear not,"  
For unto them that morn,  
Jesus, the Infant Saviour,  
At Bethlehem was born.



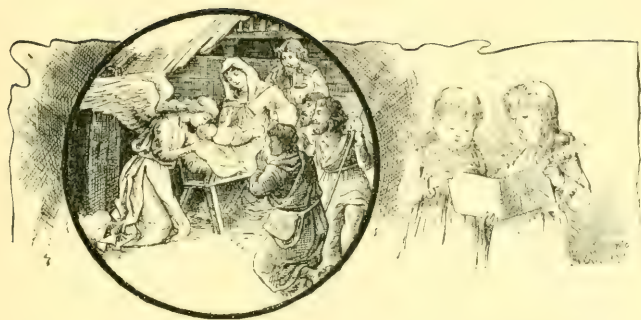
And hosts of shining angels  
Throned the heavens then  
Singing "Glory to God in the  
highest,

Peace on earth, good Will  
to men."

Oh, sweet was the song and story,  
Oh, sweet that heavenly lay;  
And glorious to the shepherds  
Dawned the first Christ-  
mas day.

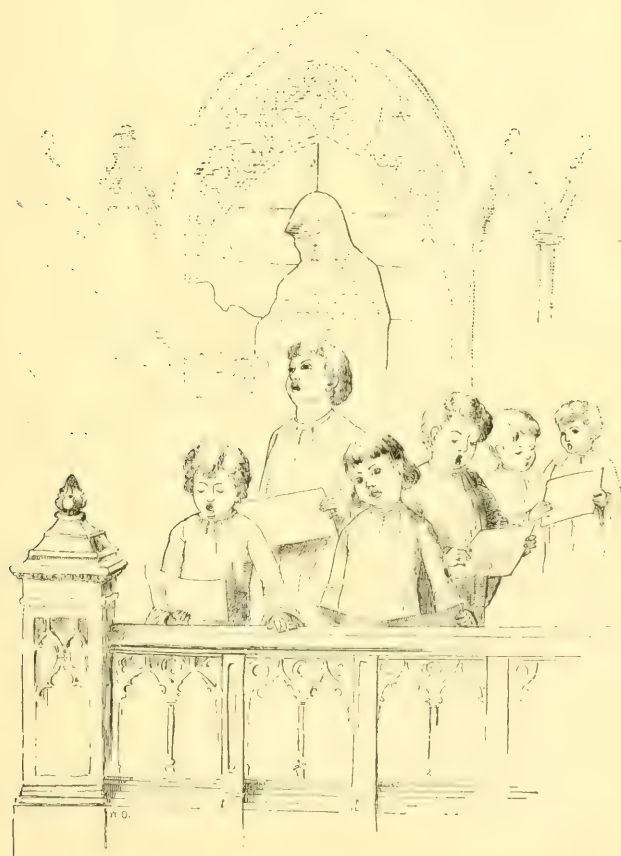






So sacred is the story  
That e'en each little child,  
Sings carols to the Saviour,  
In loving accents mild.  
He dearly loveth children  
Being once like unto them:  
This Infant Son of Mary,  
Jesus of Bethlehem.







And while joining in the glory  
And the blessings of the day,  
Turn, oh, turn to Bethlehem,  
Where the Infant Jesus lay  
In His rude manger,  
In the ages long ago,  
Hushed to infant slumber,  
By the oxen's gentle low.





No blare of kingly music

To announce his wondrous birth,

But the sweetest of God's angels

Sang his advent on the earth.

No pomp or regal splendor—

Only one shining star,

To light the new-born Saviour

At Bethlehem afar.





Yet a King of power and glory,

The King of love for all,

So holy that shepherd and Wise men,

Before Him humbly fall.

Oh, love is the power of His sceptre;

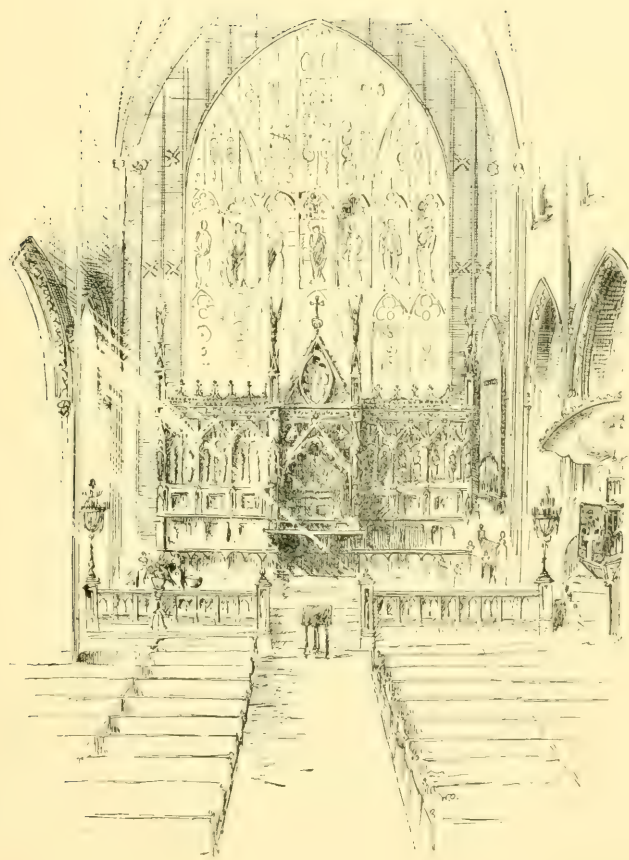
His kingdom is heavenly rest,

And He holdeth a crown unfading

To the faithful, who sup as His guest.





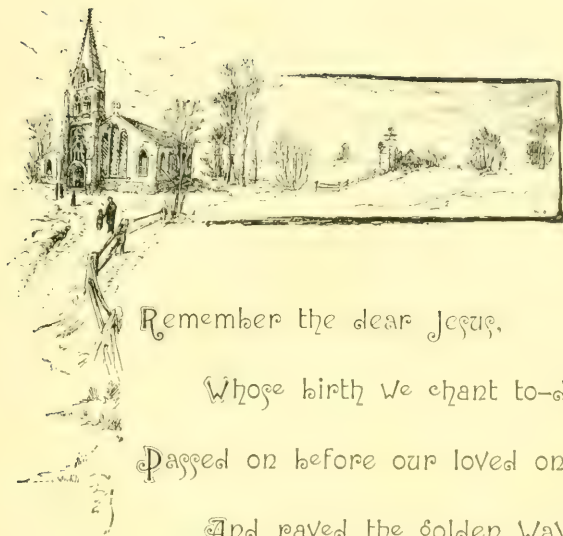




Though blessings be to Christmas,  
As to Heaven our songs take flight;  
We miss the loving voices  
That helped make Christmas bright.  
Yet joyfully keep Christmas,  
There are hearts to cherish still;  
If a minor swells the carol,  
Remember 'tis His good-Will.







Remember the dear Jesus,  
Whose birth we chant to-day,  
Passed on before our loved ones  
And paved the golden way.  
And now in the Beautiful City,  
At God's right hand on high,  
Behold Him interceding,  
For His people beneath the sky!





His star that long since  
shone so brightly,  
Is shining still o'er men;  
And the angels that sang  
to the shepherds,  
sing in Heaven as sweetly  
as then.

While wreathing the Christmas holly.

Oh breathe a silent prayer!

For our absent dear ones

At rest with Jesus there.



To follow in their angel steps

If we are just and true ;

Gentle, holy, Christ-like,

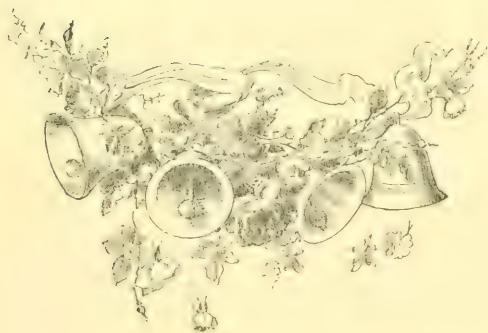
Doing as we should do.

Then joy and full completeness,

In that sweet home above !

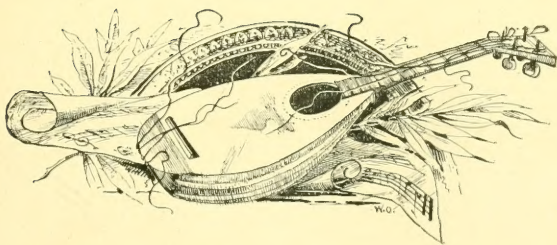
For Christmas bells in heaven,

Ring out eternal love.





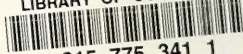
In that fair city all may dwell,  
With the loved gone before;  
In angel voices praising God,  
With Jesus evermore.







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